

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 1.

## Polly's Lion.

"We talk of *men* being brave," said Mr. R——, as he and I sat in front of his neat little farmhouse in one of the northern provinces of Russia, with the smooth green meadows of the pasture land in front of us, and the sombre pine-forest behind; "but I've always thought that for real downright fearlessness, there's nothing in the world like a child. It doesn't fear anything, because it hasn't yet got the idea that anything would ever think of hurting it. There's my little Polly, now—I don't believe there's a living creature that *she'd* be afraid of."

At that moment Polly herself came scampering past, with her long curls flying in the wind, laughing and clapping her tiny hands, and evidently enjoying herself to the utmost.

"Plenty of life there, eh?" said her father, smiling, "and I'll be bound her playfellow won't be long behind her. See, there he comes!"

And upcame a splendid English mastiff, almost as big as a young calf. The moment he caught sight of the child, he bounded up to her, rubbed his great head lovingly against her shoulder, and saluted her with a joyous bark that made the distant woods echo again.

"They're fast friends, those two," laughed my host, "and I'd like to see anything try to hurt her while Lion's by her side. Their acquaintance began in a rather odd way, though, and I can tell you it made me feel rather uncomfortable at the time, although it all ended better than I expected. If you care to hear the story, I'll tell it."

"You see, when we first came to live here, five years ago, the place was nothing like as civilized as it is now. The woods came almost up to the house then, and in winter we used to find the tracks of the wolves quite thick all around the house, every morning. Then, too, there were some troublesome fellows in the village yonder



POLLY'S LION.

(luckily they're all gone now) who didn't seem over well pleased at seeing an Englishman settle among them, and for the first few months I was always expecting to be attacked. So I got this big dog of mine from a friend at Moscow, and made a hutch for him in the yard, that we might have a sentinel.

"And a capital sentinel he made, I will say that for him; but he was so fierce that we had to keep him chained up night and day at the other end of the courtyard, which was some distance from the house. My servants, when they fed him, used to

put the food within his reach with a long-handled 'scoop,' and then make off as fast as they could; and, knowing that Polly was certain to try and make friends with him as she did with everything else, I wished myself well rid of him before he'd been with us a week.

"However, by dint of keeping the dog always *in* the yard, and Polly always *out* of it, we managed to get along well enough for a while; and although she would sometimes talk pityingly of 'the poor dog' having nobody to play with, and never getting a holiday, I thought nothing of it, till one fine day Polly was missing!

"We hunted high and low, but no Polly; we called and called, but no answer. I was beginning to get rather anxious, when all at once the thought struck me, could she have gone into the yard to look at the dog?

"I don't think I ever got such a fright in my life; but I said nothing to my wife about it for fear of frightening *her* too. I just snatched up my big stick, and down I rushed. At the door that led into the court, I met my Russian servant, Mikhail (Michael), who was looking half-scared and half-amused. He held up one hand as if warning me to make no noise, and pointed with the other toward the end of the yard. I peeped over his shoulder, and there I *did* see a sight, and

no mistake.

"The dog was sitting upright just in front of his kennel propped up on his forepaws; and there was Polly standing beside him, with one arm around his great thick neck, and the other hand held out, saying, 'Paw, doggie—give me a paw!'

"But when she saw that he didn't seem to understand her, she actually took hold of his great yellow paw, and shook it as hard as she could; and then she patted him on the head, and said:

"Good doggie—learn to shake hands!" B.T.E.

"The dog's face was a study—I only wish Sir Edwin Landseer had been there to paint it. After seeing everybody afraid of him, and being chained up and kept at arm's length so long, it was quite a new idea to him to find this little mite marching up and pulling him about, as if he didn't amount to anything; and he looked so tremendously puzzled and foolish over it, that, scared as I was, I could hardly keep from laughing.

"But the best of the joke was still to come. It seemed to strike Polly suddenly that this was a first-rate chance to give the 'poor dog' a holiday; and to work she went to do it. How her little fingers managed to undo that collar, I can't think, but undone it was; and the moment the beast felt himself loose, away he flew through the yard-gate (which happened to be open) like an arrow from a bow.

"'Good riddance!' thought I to myself; for I made sure that when he had once got away, he would never come back again. But before I could say a word, Polly started off after him; and I started off after her, and Michael started off after me, just like the people in the 'House that Jack Built.'

"However, the chase wasn't a long one, for directly the mastiff saw Polly trotting after him, he wheeled round and came scampering back. He jumped and capered round her, barking and wagging his tail, and finished by fairly rolling her over on the grass and beginning to lick her face, while she put her little bits of arms round his neck, and hugged him just as if he were a big doll.

"Then, at last (for up to that time I'd held back) I thought I might venture to step forward. When the dog saw me coming he showed his teeth, and gave a growl that made me feel ticklish all over, but Polly fetched him a slap with her little fat hand, and said, reprovingly:

"'Mustn't be rude, doggie—come and say good morning to papa.'

"And she actually led the great beast right up to me, and made me pat his head—which I did rather gingerly, I can tell you, for I wasn't quite sure of him yet; and then we tied him up again.

"The next day Polly was missing again, but this time I knew where to look for her, and went straight to the kennel. There the little pet was, sure enough, with her curly head pillowed upon the dog's back, fast asleep; and you should have seen him lift his great head as I came up, and glare at me as if he would say, 'Just you try to disturb her and you'll see what'll happen.'

"But when I called out 'Polly!' and she jumped up and ran to me, the dog seemed to make up his mind that it was all right; and when I whistled and held out my hand to him, he came to me at once; and after that he was always friendly enough.

"So Polly tamed our monster for us, and from that time we got into the way of letting him run loose; and he did us good service the next winter by killing a stray wolf that came prowling around the house. Polly and he are hardly ever apart now; and the sight of them together reminded me so much of Una and the Lion in Spenser, that I called him 'Polly's Lion,' which, shortened into Lion, has been his name ever since."

—Wide Awake.

A New Hampshire school committeeman said to a class, "Can any scholar define the word 'average'?" A little girl replied, "It is a thing a hen lays an egg on, sir." "No, that's not right." "Yes, sir; my book says so." And she trotted up to her questioner, and pointed to this sentence in her reading book: "A hen lays an egg every day on an average."

—Travellers' Record.

Good company and good conversation are the sins of virtue.

You character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

### The Painter and the Sitter.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

AT his easel sits the painter, at his canvas large and white,

And he gazes on his sitter, in the clear, soft studio light,  
And with yielding charcoal deftly draws his outline bold and free,

Till the face and form are pencilled,—for a cunning hand has he,

Then in graded semi-circle spreads his colors and his hues,—

Whites and reds and sunny yellows, sober grays and browns, and blues,

And the sitter sees the palette (but is hid the canvas face),  
Sees the primal law and order,—every color in its place.

Each proportioned to the other,—all seems plain and understood;

And he builds his dream, and trusts the growing picture will be good.

Soon, however, on the palette, while the picture is unseen,  
All is mixed in strange confusion, and he says, "What can it mean?"

Can those patches and those scratches ever come to anything?

From such muddy streaks and blotches can a fair creation spring?

For the sitter must not stir to see the work that's going on,  
Till the portrait is completed, and the artist's task is done.

Like this puzzled sitter, often, sits believing, doubting man;

On the universe he looks and sees a little of the Artist's plan.

Sees with philosophic eye the laws that govern and direct,  
Traversing the world in order,—free of discord and defect,—

Each a promise of fulfilment, each a hint for hope and faith,

While the Infinite Creator breathes through all his living breath.

Life is rich,—the world is perfect,—all is order, joy and peace;

Can this vision of perfection, spanning earth and heaven cease?

Ah! the days grow dark and darker,—and the harmony we seek,

Crossed by bitter winds of discord, turns into a maddened shriek.

Hope is crushed, and faith bewildered,—all in wild confusion whirled,—

And the sceptic laughs: "It is a danber's palette, this brave world!"

Where are all your primal colors? where your lovely light and shade?

All is chance and contradiction; out of such what can be made?

I see not the Artist's meaning; I see not the end in view;

I must sit and watch his fingers, till his work is carried through!"

But the Painter still is working, through these forms of sin and strife;

Out of all this seeming chaos moulding fairer forms of life;

And one day the patient sitter, from the Artist's point of sight,

Shall behold his form transfigured, glowing in the perfect light.

### A Bad Boy and a Wasp.

Among the passengers on the St. Louis express on the Erie Railway, between Port Jervis and Jersey City, a short time ago, was a much over-dressed woman, accompanied by a bright-looking Irish nurse-girl, who had charge of a self-willed, tyrannical two-year-old boy, of whom the over-dressed woman was plainly the mother. The mother occupied a seat by herself. The nurse and child were in the seat in front. The child gave such frequent exhibitions of temper, and kept the car filled with such vicious yells and shrieks, that there was a general feeling of indig-

nation. Although he time and again spat in his nurse's face, scratched her hands, and tore at her hair and bonnet, she bore it patiently. The indignation of the passengers was the greater because the child's mother made no effort to correct him, but on the contrary, sharply chided the nurse whenever she manifested any firmness. Whatever the boy yelled for, the mother's cry was uniformly:

"Let him have it, Mary."

The child had just slapped the nurse in the face for the hundredth time, and was preparing for a fresh attack, when a wasp came from somewhere in the car and flew against the window of the nurse's seat.

The boy at once made a dive for the wasp as it struggled upward on the glass. The nurse quickly caught his hand, and said:

"Harry mustn't touch! Bug will bite Harry!"

Harry gave a savage yell, and began to kick and slap the nurse. The mother awoke from a nap. She heard her son's screams, and without lifting her head or opening her eyes, called out sharply to the nurse:

"Why will you tease that child, Mary? Let him have it."

Mary let go of Harry. The boy clutched at the wasp, and caught it. The yell that followed caused joy to the entire car, for every eye was on the boy. The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned calmly in her seat, and said,

"Sure, he's got it mum!"

This brought down the car. Every one in it roared. The child's mother rose up in her seat with a jerk. When she learned what the matter was, she pulled her boy over the back of the seat and awoke some sympathy by laying him across her knee and warming him nicely. In ten minutes he was as quiet and meek as a lamb, and never opened his head again until the train reached Jersey City.

### "Everything is Lovely and the Goose Hangs High."

This expression is a corruption of an old-fashioned saying that originated in the early days of this country.

As most of you know, wild geese, when they migrate in autumn, form themselves into lines shaped like the letter V, the leader flying at the point, the two lines following; and as they sail away, far above the trees, and beyond all danger from guns—on those cold mornings when the air is clear, and the sky beautifully blue—they seem full of glee, and join in a chorus:

"Honk, honk, honk!"

Any one who has heard those curiously sounding notes, could never mistake them. And the folks on earth below who heard the birds' wild call, in old times, realized the happiness of the winged creatures in being so high and safe. And so it became quite natural, when two persons met each other under peculiarly favorable circumstances, for this or that enterprise, for them to say:

"Everything is lovely and the goose honks high!"

—St. Nicholas for May.

### A Cat's Toes.

"How many toes has a cat?" This was one of the questions asked of a certain class during examination week; and, simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency, the principal was applied to for a solution; and he also, with a good natured smile, gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by so simple a question, hit on the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighborhood for a cat. When this idea was announced, the whole class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out and soon returned successful. A returning board was at once appointed, and the toes counted, when, to the relief of all, it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet.



## Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

### Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."  
Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

### Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The twelve "Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information

### An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

## PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "Band of Mercy" member of the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage-stamp have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

### New Bands of Mercy Formed by Mass. S. P. C. A.

#### THE AMERICAN TEACHERS' BANDS OF MERCY.

- 680. Roxbury, Mass.
- 5186. Bartlett School Band.  
P. & S., Miss A. M. Balch.
- 681. Winchendon, Mass.
- 5187. North Intermediate School.  
P., Edith A. Beaman.  
S., Grace E. Howard.
- 682. Newburyport, Mass.
- 5188. Star Band.  
P., Arthur Chase.  
S., Ella Duchimin.
- 683. Decota, Cal.
- 5189. P. & S., C. A. McCracken.
- 684. Skowhegan, Me.
- 5190. School Bands.  
P. & S., Helen M. Hoxie.
- 685. P. & S., Mary Smith.
- 5191.
- 686. P. & S., Annie B. Hoxie.
- 5192.
- 687. P. & S., Addie Swain.
- 5193.
- 688. P. & S., H. S. Blackden.
- 5194.
- 689. P. & S., Zetta Pierce.
- 5195.
- 690. P. & S., M. C. Pollard.
- 5196.
- 691. P. & S., Stella M. Foster.
- 5197.
- 692. P. & S., Alice Emery.
- 5198.
- 693. Le Mars, Iowa.
- 5200. Happy Children's Band.  
P., Charles Williams.  
S., L. S., Cornell.
- 694. Dare To Do Right Band.
- 5201. P., Carl Adamson.  
S., Kate M. Waters.
- 695. Clark St., No. 4 Band.
- 5202. P., Dorathea Matthews.  
S., Hattie Dent.
- 696. P. of A. Band.
- 5203. P., Robert Folsom.  
S., Annie Huelsmann.
- 697. Helpers of the Helpless Band:
- 5204. P., George Joerndt.  
S., Edith Brown.
- 698. Sand Beach, Mich.
- 5205. Harbor City Band.  
P., Frane Van Master.  
S., Georgia Bacon.
- 699. East Sandwich, Mass.
- 5206. P., George Parker.  
S., Walter Holway.
- 700. Le Mars, Iowa.
- 5207. The Faithful Band.  
P. & S., Gertrude Richardson.
- 701. Kittery, Me.
- 5208. Austin School Band.  
P., Fred F. Locke.  
S., Justin H. Shaw.
- 702. Le Mars, Iowa.
- 5209. P. & S., Laura L. Jaquith.
- 703. Le Mars, Iowa.
- 5210. P. & S., Laura L. Jaquith.
- 704. Orient, Iowa.
- 5211. Youth's Band.  
P., Rosa B. Pierson.  
S., Mary L. Mitchell.

#### OTHER BANDS.

- 5190. Pittsfield, Me.  
P., Ida Holmes.  
V. P., Rev. Mr. Holmes.

### I Scarcely Knew You.

Miss Keene — "Why, Mr. B., what has caused this change in your appearance?"

Mr. B. — "I presume it's my glasses. I've just begun to wear them."

Miss K. — "Well, you should always wear them. You've no idea how intelligent they make you look. I scarcely knew you."

—Chicago Rambler.

### Poverty and Violence.

Since poverty and violence bring starvation and suffering to both animals and men, the following, taken from the *Boston Herald* of April 29th, comes within the scope of our work: —

#### HOW TO STOP STRIKES, AND SECURE GOOD WAGES.

To the Editor of the Boston Herald.

I see by this morning's papers that General Master Workman Powderly has called a general assembly of the "Knights of Labor" of the United States and Canada, to "consider the labor troubles, proposed legislation, &c."

As I understand it, no legislation can permanently change the great law of supply and demand. Where there is more labor in any place than is wanted, the price must go down. If I need only two men to carry on my farm, and five are ready to do the work, all the strikes and legislation in the world cannot provide work for five.

Will you kindly permit me to respectfully submit, through your columns, that no more important question can be discussed at the coming assembly of the "Knights of Labor" than this: *How shall we provide for our surplus labor?* And I think it will be found there is but one answer. No trade is more easily learned than the farmer's. To plough, and plant, and hoe, and sow, and gather, are things not difficult to understand. Put ten thousand people on fertile land, and let them raise their own vegetables, eggs, milk, pigs and poultry, and they will never suffer from want of food, and they will have a far better chance to get reasonably rich than in most other employments. Let the "Knights of Labor" buy, in Dakota if you please, good lands at low prices (it will not cost half so much as strikes), and let them loan their brothers, from the common fund, money to start. Every settler will make the lands more valuable. In a few years, what cost \$3 an acre will be worth \$10, \$20, \$50. This is no doubtful experiment. From the settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and of a different class at Jamestown, the history of this whole country has been a history of successful colonization. The individual capital of the "Knights of Labor" may be small, but their combined capital, if they stand together, can buy millions of acres, and give every industrious unemployed man in their order a home and a competence. I could easily fill a column with details, and answers to possible objections, but perhaps this short letter will be better in leading to a general discussion. If the "Knights of Labor" cannot do this work and reap the profits, then let our large capitalists and Western railroad corporations, by properly secured loans and otherwise, hold out inducements which shall cover every alternate half or quarter section of their unoccupied lands with farms and villages.

If by strikes wages could be raised to four times their present rates, the cost of everything else would soon rise in about the same proportion; the laboring man would have to pay four dollars for what he now buys with one, and be as badly off as before. The whole trouble now is that our supply of labor is larger than the demand. Let the "Knights of Labor," or the capitalists, or both, take measures at once to put half a million of people on our unoccupied lands, and the question will be solved; and I believe this is the only way in which it can be solved peaceably.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Boston, April 27, 1886.

### A Funny Story About Horses.

A traveller in New England saw the following sign on a board that was nailed to a fence near a village:

"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, \$1.50; short tails, \$1."

The traveller halted and asked the owner of the land why there was such a difference in the price of board for horses.

"Well, you see," said the man, "the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short ones are so tormented by them they can hardly eat at all."

If the children ask how Santa Claus got down the chimney, tell them he flue down in his winter suit.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1886.

## MAY DIRECTORS' MEETING

Was held on the 19th. President Angell reported that among various gifts received during the month were four to aid in establishing a *Missionary fund* to convert the American heathen who permit some two millions of their cattle to die every year on Western plains by freezing and starvation.

He had sent, through the Society's upwards of 400 agents, placards for protection of birds, into nearly every town of the State, to be put up in post-offices, railroad depots, etc. He had arranged to distribute a large number of the Society's publications at Topeka, Kansas, and Bar Harbor, Maine, at the great teachers' conventions to be held in July. He would close his addresses to Boston public schools about the middle of June. The Society's agents had dealt with 169 cases of cruelty during the month, and killed mercifully 81 animals. There are now 5216 "Bands of Mercy" in the United States and Canada, with about 400,000 members.

## A NEW AND IMPORTANT MOVEMENT—A MISSIONARY FUND.

DEAR SIR:—

*I have read with pain, as well as with a sense of responsibility, the accounts given in the last two numbers of your paper concerning the sufferings endured by the cattle, who in the winter season, starve and freeze on our Western plains, almost 2,000,000, according to one statement, having perished this past year from neglect and starvation, not to mention other cruelties perpetrated on the defenceless animals, in those parts of our country where neither law for their protection nor humane influences have as yet penetrated.*

Recalling your suggestion that, if your Society had the means, a missionary work could be carried on in the extreme West, which would aim at relief for these dumb sufferers, I enclose herewith five dollars, (*which subscription I would gladly repeat next year,*) earnestly wishing that it may be a small beginning for such a missionary fund.

Since you are willing to undertake the care and direction of such a work, I am sure that there must be very many who would like to give active expression to their sympathy by contributing—some in amounts far larger, and some smaller, than the sum which I send.

New York, May 17, 1886.

P. S. Since writing the above, three ladies, hearing of my proposition, and appreciating the need of a missionary fund, send herewith enclosed, five dollars each—one of whom offers to contribute the same amount next year should such fund be started.

G. K.

We need not say that we most thankfully receive these first four subscriptions to a "*Missionary Fund*," with the earnest hope that a thousand more may follow, and we will try to expend every dollar where it will do the greatest good.

One of the most respected planters of the South said to us at New Orleans, winter before last,—and he felt what he said,—that "*he believed the curse of God rested on his State for the abuse of dumb animals permitted there.*"

While we remember the heathen abroad, let us not forget the heathen at home, who permit every year millions of their cattle to die on our Western plains, after untold suffering by neglect and

starvation, and when we nightly pray for God's mercy for ourselves and those dear to us, let us not forget the *Missionary Fund for the conversion of these American heathen.*

## WHAT CAN WE DO WITH A MISSIONARY FUND?

Send a *live* missionary—just as we do to convert other heathen—a man who will work night and day to stir up public sentiment and establish active working societies at important points near the plains. Supply humane literature—talk to the clergy, the teachers, the editors—get the preachers to preach, and the teachers to teach, and the editors to publish, until it shall be as disgraceful to starve and freeze cattle there as it is here. That is how we would use a missionary fund; *first*, to benefit the cattle; *second*, to benefit the heathen who starve and freeze the cattle; and *third*, to benefit our common country by making these heathen better men and better citizens.

We are glad to say that two Boston ladies have added to the fund \$50 each. As soon as it is large enough the missionary will start, and all sums received for it will be duly credited in "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

## OUR WESTERN TERRITORIES.

We remember reading of a new minister who was cautioned by one of his deacons before preaching his first sermon, 1st, to say nothing about temperance, because they had a prominent liquor seller who helped the church; 2nd, to say nothing about slavery, because there was a difference of opinion on that; 3d, to say nothing about peace, because there was a large gunmaker there, etc., etc. Finally the perplexed clergyman asked what he should preach about. "Oh, give it to the Jews," was the answer, "there isn't a Jew in town."

We know by experience that it is very difficult to get Congress or Legislatures to enact many much needed laws; but we intend before the close of this year, unless somebody gets the start of us, and we hope somebody will, to make a vigorous effort to secure laws that shall give some protection to animals in our Western Territories.

## THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.

With good luck we shall complete our addresses to the public schools of Boston by the middle of June, having spoken one hour each to all the higher grades, and furnished all teachers of both higher and lower grades with our best publications, including the "*Lessons on Kindness to Animals*," "*Band of Mercy Information*," etc.

We think we have never done any work in our life, in the doing of which we have had more satisfaction and pleasure than in these addresses to the teachers and pupils of our public schools.

## CHICAGO.

The annual report of the Illinois Humane Society shows receipts, \$6,747; expenses, \$6,719.60; 2,317 cases of cruelty to children and animals investigated; 857 children materially benefited; 228 children sent to charitable institutions, 208 parties prosecuted for cruelty to animals, and 41 for cruelty to children. Fines collected, \$2,626; 309 animals mercifully killed.

The officers elected for the year are:

President, John G. Shortall; Vice-Presidents, Ferd W. Peck, Thomas E. Hill; Secretary, Henry W. Clarke; Treasurer, George Schneider; Executive Committee, John G. Shortall, J. C. Dore, Professor David Swing, William Penn Nixon, Ferd W. Peck, Henry N. Hart, J. J. Glesner, Thomas E. Hill, George Schneider, and a large board of directors.

Chicago is a most important city, and Illinois a most important State for our work, and it is a pleasant thought that so many of Chicago's most prominent citizens are interested in it.

## A LETTER WE LIKE.

RICHMOND, VA.,  
May 20, 1886.

"MR. ANGELL,

I enclose two dollars. Send as many books and papers as you can. I am going among the colored people in the tobacco factories to start a 'Band of Mercy.'

I have not seen the slightest protection for dumb creatures here.

I have only been here three days and at my request the high check-rein has been taken off nine horses. If the white people can only be reached, the good work will grow. I will try to stay here as long as I possibly can.

Mrs. D. C."

[The writer is a West Virginia lady who pays her own expenses and goes among the colored drivers of Richmond to form them into a Band of Mercy, thus imitating the example of the Master. *God bless her!* EDITOR.]

## CRUELTY OF INDIANS IN KILLING CATTLE GIVEN THEM BY THE GOVERNMENT.

Some time since, General James S. Brisbin, U. S. A., wrote the *Chicago Tribune* an account of terrible cruelty inflicted in slaughter of cattle by the Indians, at Rosebud Agency, Dakota. The account was widely published in the United States.

Mr. Angell saw it in the "*Boston Herald*," and immediately wrote President Cleveland. It was at once referred to the Indian Commissioner. He wrote the Indian Agent promptly that the practice must be stopped as the Government would not tolerate it.

A council of the chiefs was at once called, and a statement signed by *Spotted Tail, He Dog, High Bear, Little Thunder, Iron Man, Skunk's Father*, and seventy-four others. They declared General Brisbin's statement unjust, and gave assurance that no such cruelty will be hereafter permitted.

## TOPEKA, KANSAS, AND BAR HARBOR, MAINE.

Perhaps the most important National Convention of teachers ever held in this country will meet at Topeka in July. It is estimated that there will be about 8000 teachers there, from almost every State and Territory.

We have arranged with officers of the convention to send several thousands of "*Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*," "*Band of Mercy Information*," and "*OUR DUMB ANIMALS*," to be carefully and gratuitously distributed, and would urge all our Societies to send their publications so far as they can afford.

Another great convention of teachers meets at "Bar Harbor" the same month, and we have arranged to distribute our publications gratuitously there.

## WE SEE BY

Tarboro', North Carolina, *Southerner* that a man was sentenced there to a year's imprisonment in jail for knocking out the eye of one of his neighbor's cattle.

## THE CHOCTAW INDIANS

Punish cruelty to animals by thirty lashes, so says the *New Orleans Picayune*.

*Sensible Horse Talk.*

The horse comes into the world, says the *Ohio Farmer*, with his five senses in full vigor. His ears are so arranged that they can be turned to catch the sound from any direction. His nose is large and he can scent his friend or enemy a great way off. His mouth is so made that he can tell what he is eating better than you or I can. His feeling is as delicate as the touch of a blind man, and his eyes are so placed in his head that he may have a large field of vision. And yet his master, who does not like to be deprived of any of his senses, shows a lack of even horse sense when he puts blinds on him and drives him. Why should not the horse see anything approaching in the rear as well as from the front? Why not put blinds on him when you ride him or turn him out to graze? Why not hinder the proper exercise of hearing, smell or taste? The horse is the only animal save the mule that is blinded. Perhaps his (the mule's) heels might be leathered with more propriety. Blinds cover the most handsome features of the horse. What is prettier than the full hazel eye of a horse?

Can a horse reason? We say yes. Then cannot he come to a better conclusion when his eyes are not obstructed? The horse should see the whip in the driver's hand and know when all the members of the family are seated. If he can't see the whip he soon learns to hear the driver pull it from the whip socket. More horses run away because they cannot see, but hear the ghost, than if they could see and hear it too, as seeing often dispels all fear.

Nature put a handsome suit of hair on the horse, and yet men use the clippers. And what for? The man who would do so ought to be stripped of all clothing and made to stand in the cold till—well, till he could practise the "Golden Rule." All horses when warm should be well blanketed, and in fly time well netted, as stamping at the flies will stiffen the joints and worry the animal. It was a humane act to cease the practice of nicking and docking the tail. The horse is one of man's most useful animals, and we ought to treat him kindly. Don't let us make him "go it blind" any more.

—*North-Western Live Stock Journal.*

*A New Use For Toads.*

The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water bugs we have heard of is related by a citizen of Schenectady whose kitchen was infested with them.

A servant, hearing that toads were an antidote caught three ordinary hop toads, and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of 2 francs a dozen.

When you speak to a person, look in his face.



A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

*Almost as Wise as Balaam's.*

A mule story is told by Dr. William A. Hammond. While stationed at Fort Webster, in what is now Arizona, he started down the canyon on a very fine large mule. The beast suddenly stopped abruptly and would not budge a step. Spurs were used to no purpose. There he stood as firm as a rock. Hammond pulled him round and galloped back to the fort. The next morning it was ascertained that at a point scarcely a hundred yards in advance of where the mule gained his victory some Apache Indians had ambushed the road, and, but for the brute's keen nose, ears and in resisting an obstinate man, short work would have been made of them.

## WHAT IS WAR?

*At Gettysburg*, 80 from ONE regiment buried in ONE trench.

*At Fair Oaks*, over 50 shot dead in sixty seconds, and of 50 skirmishers, only six left alive.

*At Cold Harbor*, over 400 dead from one regiment, and 2000 dead in a space not wider than a city square.

*At Fredericksburg*, about 5000 Federal soldiers shot in ten minutes.

*Soldiers*, with fathers, mothers, wives and little children.

"That is war as it should be taught in all our public schools."



## BIRD PLACARDS.

We have printed and sent to our upwards of 400 agents, in nearly every town of the State, about two thousand copies of the following placards to be put up in railroad stations, post-offices, and elsewhere:

\$200.

I am authorized by the Directors of  
THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

to offer TEN prizes of \$10 each, and TWENTY prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which we shall convict persons of violating the Laws of Massachusetts by killing any Insect-Eating Bird or taking Eggs from its Nest.

All communications on the subject should be sent to Captain Charles A. Currier, Chief Prosecuting Agent, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

I would most respectfully ask all good citizens to aid us in enforcing the Laws for the Protection of our Insect-Eating Birds and their Nests, by giving publicity to this notice, and otherwise.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Parent American Band of Mercy.

Boston, May 1, 1886.

Please put up in R. R. Depots, Post-Offices, and other Public Places.

## WILLS AND LEGACIES.

As friends will notice by our annual report, fifty-seven legacies have been given to our Massachusetts Society. Without them our work could not have gone on as it has. The names of the donors, handsomely framed, occupy a prominent place on the wall of our principal office. The sums given range from \$100 to \$7000.

If we mistake not, the magnificent fund of Mr. Bergh's Society — over a million of dollars — is principally made up from the very large legacies of a few wealthy persons. Two of those legacies we believe amounted to about half a million of dollars. As we reflect upon the vast possibilities of our work, particularly in the matter of humane education, we cannot help wishing sometimes that we had another fund like Mr. Bergh's. But then again we reflect that all that can be required of any of us is to do the best we can with what God has put in our hands, and so we keep thinking, planning, working, and find no fault.

## KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

"The editor of a morning paper says he knows all about nights of labor."

So does the successful doctor, lawyer, student, and hundreds of thousands, who, in the various occupations, beginning poor, win distinction.

We might as well attempt to level all the hills and mountains, and make the whole earth a plain, as to attempt to equalize the hours of human labor. Every man and woman must determine for himself and herself how many hours they choose to work, and the compensation paid must be ultimately, by God's established laws, which no human legislation can permanently alter, in proportion to amount and value.

It is always an interesting study to witness a ten-year-old girl teaching her grandmother how to hold the baby.

## THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BENJ. H. PADDOCK.

Shortly after our address to the Episcopal clergy of Boston, the Bishop kindly wrote us a letter, which, by some mistake at the post office, reached us too late for use at the State House, but from which we are glad to give our readers the following:

DIOCESE OF MASSACHUSETTS, 26 Chestnut Street,  
BOSTON, March 11, 1886.

DEAR SIR:

I beg leave to say how much rejoiced I was, on Monday last, to hear that the Society was about to memorialize the Legislature for a law to further the instruction of our children as to their duty towards our "insect-eating birds and the lower animals." No possible harm, but great good, can result from such instruction.

I have hopes that such instruction may also arrest the dreadful havoc which is now made among our innocent and often most useful birds—especially those that possess "the fatal gift of beauty"—by the gigantic annual sacrifice to the Moloch of Fashion. Our gentle women, whose hearts would ache at the sight of a cruel act towards a bird or beast, cannot be aware what unmeasured destruction of beautiful life and innocent joy is going on at their command, or at least with their connivance. I recently saw a gentlewoman on whose hat were three or four little families of birds; while on its crown was a nest of a dozen little creatures, their beautiful necks and heads thrust upwards, voiceless but pleading most pathetically.

Some varieties of our birds are well-nigh exterminated already, and our fields, forests, and swamps are growing silent and lonely. By and by we shall find out, in our war with the little but mighty insect enemies, that we have slain our natural and invincible allies.

But I long to see a stand made against birds killed only for ornament of female apparel. We have many queens and much noble blood in this city of Benevolences; and I long to see the protest of Queen Victoria taken up, and our Massachusetts noblewomen leaguely themselves together to discourage and arrest this hard-hearted fashion. Give back the birds their short-lived joy of mating, nesting, and filling our work-a-day world with inimitable melody. "Their heavenly Father feedeth them," and so, I suppose He must love them, and suffer none to fall to the ground without His knowledge. I entreat you, Mr. President, arouse the ladies to take the side of the benevolent preserver, instead of that of the money-loving destroyers. Every tender-hearted woman will thank you; every woman will, who only pauses long enough to compare the claims of her purest, divinest instincts with those of heartless fashion.

I am, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

BENJ. H. PADDOCK.

[We have thanked the Bishop, and suggested that all his clergy give us one sermon each on this important subject. EDITOR.]

## HYDROPHOBIA.

We learn from Dr. Abbott, of our Massachusetts State Board of Health, that in the whole State of Massachusetts there have been during the past forty years, about 75 deaths reported as being of hydrophobia, nearly two a year. In the same time there have been about 200,000 deaths by consumption.

In Boston there have been but two deaths reported of hydrophobia in the past thirty years. We always doubt cases of hydrophobia unless established by very able medical investigation and testimony.

## AUDUBON SOCIETIES.

We are glad to know that these Societies are rapidly extending, and we hope that every one who joins them will be led to go still further and form or join a "Band of Mercy."

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

## REV. DAVID SWING.

We have received from the "American Humane Association," another eloquent sermon, recently preached at Chicago, by Rev. David Swing, and published in pamphlet form by our friend, Landon, of the *Humane Journal*. It gives a most striking picture of the progress of humanity from barbarism to the present, and what remains to be done in the future, incidentally commending very properly some of our Chicago friends for the good work they are doing. It is a good thing to hand your clergyman. We should print it in full if our paper were larger. We presume it can be obtained in any quantity by addressing A. W. Landon, "*Humane Journal*," Chicago, or Hon. Thos. E. Hill, Secretary, of the A. H. A., 103 State St., Chicago.

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

"Lend a Hand" Band of Mercy, Milton, Mass., sends us through O. W. Sears, teacher, \$5 to be used in extending "Bands of Mercy." We add it to our special "B. O. M." fund.

We are glad to find that Rev. David Swing of Chicago, in an able sermon on the labor troubles, agrees with us that colonization of our unimproved lands is now, as it always has been, the remedy for surplus labor.

## YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

We are indebted to "Youth's Instructor," Battle Creek, Michigan, for the beautiful cuts, "A Tight Squeeze," and "Polly's Lion."

## REV. MR. TIMMINS

Writes us of the good work he is doing in England—23 Bands, with about 10,000 members, in Leeds—total in England, 280 Bands, with about 65,000 members.

## The American Humane Association.

We receive from Hon. Thos. E. Hill, Secretary of the American Humane Association, the following concise statement of some of the cruelties inflicted:

Animals in freezing and starving condition, in exposed localities on the Western plains, in the winter season.

Animals so horribly burned on their bodies, through careless branding, as to make wounds that never heal.

Animals severely wounded and tortured by clubs and long, sharp iron prods, when being loaded on stock-cars.

Animals so cruelly crowded, trampled, starved, and kept without water, when transported long distances by rail to market, as to make their meat unfit for food.

Horses compelled to endure excruciating torture by the over-check and other high check-reins, through the ignorance and pride of thoughtless drivers.

Dogs and cats driven to madness from want of water.

Horses ruined in health and limb through being overloaded, lack of food and improper feeding.

Old, galled, crippled horses ill-fed, over-loaded, and generally abused by hard masters.

Cows compelled through the penuriousness of their owners, to run the streets, in many cities and villages, quenching thirst from mud-puddles, pounded by clubs, beaten by stones, and mutilated by dogs, when driven from yards into which the animals force themselves because of hunger.

Calves with feet tied and tortured, while being transported long distances, in distressed position, over rough roads, by butchers and others.

Fine horses, outrageously high-checked and brutally over-driven by drunken, careless and cruel drivers.

Pigeons wantonly wounded, mutilated and allowed to linger hours before death comes to their relief, at shooting tournaments.

Horses left standing in exposed positions, through severe storms, without covering.

Beautiful song and useful birds needlessly slaughtered by men and boys for sport.

Insects, birds and animals of various kinds cruelly put to death by thoughtless persons, when a little care would make death less painful.

The cruelty and savage instinct aroused by cock and dog fighting.

The useless, barbarous cruelty inflicted on hares and foxes in allowing them to be chased and hunted by hounds, for hours, as a sport.

*A Bird's Song.*

Our little folks, Clara and Ned, want to tell you about a little bird they saw last summer out here in Colorado.

We were all going to the mountains for a "camping-out" trip, — father and mother and children, with uncle and auntie. We had two large covered wagons (called emigrant-wagons), and we carried with us every thing that was necessary in keeping house, — tents, a stove, a table, chairs, beds, and food enough to last until we returned to the city. These things were packed in one of the wagons, and we rode in the other.

Once we lost our way on the plains, and wandered about more than half a day in search of water. It was very hot and dusty, and we and our horses were suffering with thirst. At last, towards night, we found Deep Creek, and there we stopped, and waited for the other wagon to come.

We decided to pitch our tents, and stay until the next morning. As we sat listening to the running water, and feeling very tired and hungry, a little bird, only a few feet from us on the ground, hopped out of its nest, and began to sing.

It was a most beautiful song; and Clara wanted to catch the bird and bring it home; but we told her she could not do that, and would only frighten it away. It was a brown bird, with a black band around its neck like a chain. The nest was in a hollow in the ground, and covered like an oven.

The little bird sang its song over and over, until it was dark, and was not at all disturbed by us. The first thing we heard in the morning, too, was the same beautiful song. It made the dry prairie seem bright and cheerful. We never can forget it. Fortunately it can be set to music, so you, too, can hear it. It was like this:



You can ask some one to play or sing it for you, and then imagine how beautiful it would be, sung in a loud and melodious bird-voice. Some other time I may tell you more about this camping trip.

— Aunt Maggie.

Denver, Colorado.

*Swedish Manners.*

One great peculiarity of traveling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedes are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs, and never shout; a Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound. Swedes, even of the lowest class, never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat-lifting that one is obliged to move more slowly than in England to give time for all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform, or a steamboat a pier, all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers, and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the streets, you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee-room you must bow to all the occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through. Imagine English bargees indulging in such amenities.

— "My Sweden," in *London Society*.



A BIRD'S SONG.

*Bobolinks' Chatter in June.*

ONE day in the bluest of summer weather, Sketching under a whispering oak, I heard five bobolinks laughing together Over some ornithological joke.

What the fun was I couldn't discover, — Language of birds is a riddle on earth; What could they find in white-weed and clover To split their sides with such musical mirth?

Was it some prank of the prodigal summer — Face in the cloud or voice in the breeze — Querulous cat-bird — woodpecker drummer — Cawing of crows high over the trees?

Was it some chipmunk's chatter — or weasel Under the stone wall stealthy and sly? Or was it the joke about me and my easel, Trying to catch the tints of the sky?

Still they flew tipsily, shaking all over, Bubbling with jollity, brimful of glee — While I sat listening deep in the clover Wondering what their jargon could be.

'Twas but the voice of a morning the brightest That ever dashed over yon shadowy hills; 'Twas but the song of all joy that is lightest — Sunshine breaking in laughter and trills.

Vain to conjecture the words they are singing, Only by tones can we follow the tune; In the full heart of the summer fields ringing, Ringing the rhythmical gladness of June!

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*The Birds' Petition.*

FROM the sunny South, as the days grow long, We come to cheer you with beauty and song, In melodious measures, sweet and free, O'er the glorious land from sea to sea. We come in peace with no angry words, And pray you to spare all the bonnie birds. We ask no help, we have pleasure to give, All that we want is the right to live. Ye beautiful ladies, so kind and true, We present the "Birds' Petition" to you. Let no bonnie birds on your hats be worn, No more sweet singers be mangled and torn. There's a stain of blood on every bonnet Which has a dead bird stitched upon it.

— Wm. Lambie.

Ypsilanti, Mich.

*John Fletcher's Mare.*

A remarkable instance of the sagacity of a mare has come to our notice. Mr. John Fletcher owns a mare, which runs in a pasture adjoining his house. The mare has a young colt at her side. A few nights since, after Mr. Fletcher had retired, he was aroused by the mare coming to the window of his house, and by pawing, neighing, and in every way possible trying to get his attention. This continuing for some time, he got up, and went out and drove her away, and returned again to bed; but she immediately returned, and if possible, increased her demonstrations. He again went out, when the mare came up to him and rubbed her nose against him, although always before she had been very shy, then ran on a few yards before him, continuing her neighing; then, as he did not follow her, she returned to him in the most demonstrative manner. He attempted to drive her off, struck her with a stick, and followed her a few yards to frighten

her away. As soon, however, as he turned towards the house, she returned, and tried in every way to prevent him from doing so. He then remarked that her colt was not with her, a fact he had not noticed before, as it was quite dark. It occurred to him then to follow her, which he did. So soon as she saw he was doing so, she ran off before him, stopping every few yards, turning around to see that he was still following, then again running on, keeping up her calling, until she reached a distant part of the field, where she stopped at an old "prospect hole." On coming up with her, she again commenced rubbing against him, and drew his attention to the hole, where he soon discovered the colt. It appears it had slipped into it, and was unable to get out, and the mare had taken this method to obtain assistance. Being unable to get it out alone, Mr. Fletcher went for some of his neighbors, and with them returned. While they were taking the little fellow out, the mare manifested the most intense delight, and seemed almost beside herself with joy; and afterwards, when the men had got out of the hole, she came up to Mr. Fletcher, and, placing her nose on his shoulder, gave every sign of gratitude that a human mother might under similar circumstances. Who will say the horse does not reason?

— Virginia City Montanian.

*The Chickens.*

"Charlie, I've just come in from the barn, And I've seen the sweetest sight, — Ten little chickens just out of the shell, Like balls of down so white.

"And the tiniest wings that flutter so When I take them in my hand, And eyes as bright as the babies' are, And heads bobbing round as they stand.

"But the mother hen is not a bit kind; She's a fidgety, cross old thing; She clucks and flutters and scolds away When meal to the coop I bring.

"I went to the garden and dug some worms, Just to see if they fancied such food, And they stared and wondered and snapped them up, And seemed to say they were good.

"And two little, feathery, downy things Tugged away at one worm so long, Pulling here and there till it snapped in two, And the hen never told them 'twas wrong."



## STRIKES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, "BANDS OF HOPE AND MERCY."

Some time ago we were written to by the Secretary of an association of the most prominent citizens of one of our largest cities, for our opinion as to the best way to stop the increase of crime.

We answered, form a "Band of Mercy" in every public school, and so you will carry humane and merciful thoughts and education in the most practical and effective way, not only to the children, but to their fathers and mothers. Not half the people of this country, and in some States probably not more than a quarter, attend the churches.

About nine millions of American children of school age never enter a Sunday school, while the other seven millions have less than an hour a week, and that given almost entirely to scripture.

We think that Sunday schools could be made vastly more influential and useful. We think that "Bands of Hope" would be more interesting and attractive if they were also "Bands of Mercy."

But after all, the public schools are the only places to reach the masses and to teach, what Christ taught,—the rich mercy to the poor, and the poor mercy to the rich, and both mercy to all.

There never was a time when such teachings were more needed. They are incalculably more important than lots of things now taught in our schools. There is no better way to teach them than through "Bands of Mercy," every one of which is an organization not alone for the protection of weak and defenceless lower creatures, but also for the protection of property and life.

If you want to stop crime, form "Bands of Mercy."

If you want to give money to aid in stopping crime, send us your check, specifying the object, and we will use it to the best of our ability. If we had a hundred thousand dollars, we could use it for the best interests of this country in carrying merciful and humane education into our public schools. Employing proper persons to give addresses—founding "Bands of Mercy," supplying gratuitously the best songs, stories and information. We are glad to give our time to this work without any pecuniary compensation, and all the money we can afford.

If you believe it is a good work, and ought to be done, and that you are one of those who ought to help to do it, then send your check.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A Young Knight of the Army of Mercy.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Robbie is three years old. A few days ago the "sewing machine man" came to bring Robbie's mamma's sewing machine home. The man brought it in a small express wagon. He fastened the horse by the front gate, took out the machine and carried it up stairs.

It was beginning to rain very hard, but the man expected to stay only a minute or so longer and did not go down and cover up the horse as he ought to have done.

Robbie stood looking thoughtfully out of the window for a few minutes. Then he went to the man and said: "Mister! mister!" But the man did not look up from his work. Then the little boy spoke again, putting his tiny hand on the man's arm, and looking up into the man's face, with his blue eyes, said: "Mister, you'd better go home. Your horse's dettin' told out in de rain." "So it is, little man," was the reply. Then buttoning up his coat, the man hurried down stairs, and drove his horse home before he got any more "told," we hope.

A few days later, Robbie was very busy picking up all the stones in the road, in front of the house. "What are you doing that for?" his mother asked him, as she sat with his baby sister on her knee.

He looked up with a red face and said: "So that Aunt Mary's horse won't det her feet hurt when she comes here."

We think that Robbie will join the P. C. A. Society when he is a little older.

—L. S. E.

## HON. JOHN E. RUSSELL,

The Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, is a well-known authority on the horse. Through the courtesy of the "Massachusetts Ploughman," we have been permitted to transfer to our columns a portion of the phonographic report of Mr. Russell's talk on the horse, given at the weekly meeting of farmers, in the hall of the Ploughman Building, and only wish we were enabled to give the whole discussion, which was of great interest to all lovers of the horse.

"About 13 miles a day is as much as a horse can do." "It is economy to use horses only 12 or 13 miles a day."

"In staging, it had been found to be economy to drive horses only 10 miles a day."

"There are no better horses than the horses on the street railroads of Boston, so far as care is concerned." "They are as well kept as any horses in the world."

"Horses that rest Sundays can travel farther week days."

"The value of a pair of horses is a great deal more than men think of, usually. While you are earning one dollar extra with your team by over-work, you are throwing away a great deal more than you are earning."

"Fast driving is what kills your horse. Just the difference of ten minutes makes the difference between using up your horse and saving him."

## HOW AND WHEN TO FEED A HORSE.

"Farmers, and indeed all men, misjudge horses by comparing them with the ruminating stock. A cow has four stomachs, and is an entirely different animal, mentally and physically. A horse has the smallest stomach known to comparative anatomy. This indicates that he should be fed regularly a small amount of concentrated food."

"I would rather use cracked corn than whole corn. The gastric juice in that way will work more quickly and the corn is more likely to be digested."

"It is better not to feed corn at all. Corn is not the natural feed of the horse or any of our stock."

"The true feed of the horse is oats. In England this matter has been reduced to a science, and oats that have been crushed between rollers are considered worth twenty-five per cent. more for feeding than whole oats. In that way the gastric juice of the horse has a more direct action on the kernel. Then, again, that keeps the food in the horse's stomach a longer time, but the larger grain passes undigested through the body of the horse and produces that result which you see all over the roads where horses are used."

"Apples are refreshing to a horse, as much as to a boy, but I never knew a horse, man or boy do a hard day's work on apples. So it is with carrots. It will do no harm to feed carrots in the winter in the middle of the day. Horses like them and they are refreshing. They are agreeable and pleasing to the taste. It is like a man eating watermelon. He likes it, but it does not do much good. So it is with these vegetables. They are refreshing but not nutritious."

## WATERING HORSES.

"The matter of watering horses is of great importance. I have before said that the stomach of a horse is so small that when he has eaten his ration it is full. If a horse is watered immediately before eating, the stomach being empty, he is liable to drink a great deal more than is good for him. The best horsemanship would water some half an hour before eating, or an hour and a half or two hours after eating. He will drink a great deal less water when it is given at regular intervals. A horse should not be allowed to pass half a day without an opportunity to drink."

## THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

"The old-fashioned way was to feed a horse

when he had cooled off. A teamster under the old-fashioned horse management would bring the horse home, and if he had just been doing some hard work would make him wait awhile for his dinner. What does the man do in the meantime? He goes inside and stuffs down about all he can eat. When he is through he feeds the horse. Did you ever know a man to get foundered that way? But it would not make half as much difference with him as with his horse. I believe in feeding the horse as soon as you can bring him the food. Put him in the stall and throw the blanket on him and never make him wait for his dinner. If he is tired he will wait till he is ready, but his dinner should be on hand for him to eat. I believe that when a horse has just come in from his work he is in a good condition to eat. I have no doubt that this is one of the correct ideas on horse management."

A LISTENER—Would you let him drink?

No sir. Just let him wait awhile. But you can let a horse drink when he is on the road if you keep up the circulation. You can stop at a watering trough and allow your horse to drink, and drive on. But in the barn he is liable to become chilled."

## TOO TIRED TO EAT.

"If a horse is too tired he will not eat. You may know that you have over-driven your horse when he is too tired to eat. Many a man goes into his barn and sees that his horse will not eat and don't say anything about it, but feels sorry because he has over-driven him. I wish that I could say the same thing about water, but horses will drink water when they should not."

The whole talk of Mr. Russell can be found in the "Massachusetts Ploughman" of April 17th and 24th.

## The London Bus-Horse.

"A Bus-rider" writes:—A good deal has been lately said and written of intelligent dogs and sagacious rats, but there is, I think, in London, an animal which, though comparatively friendless, will compare favorably with either. I mean the common 'bus-horse. I like riding on an omnibus; it is the best way to see London, and I often sit by a bus-driver's side to the end of his stage and back. So I see a good deal of the 'bus-horse, and I find in him an animal who well repays watching. Most people know that he understands the conductor's bell; but few know how well he understands it. The London 'bus driver is a very clever Jehu, but his cattle need very little driving. I see them start when the bell rings, and I see them stop when it rings again, even when it does so within two seconds. Yet when the 'bus is in full roll, the conductor rings twice, to show the driver that he is 'full inside,' and the horses know the double ring and never pause in their stride. Again, the 'bus horse knows the policeman's signal. I am driving down Oxford street. At the corner of Bond street an old lady wants to cross the road. The policeman holds up his white-gloved hand and the horses stop—automatically, not pulled up by Jehu. The lady is safely across; the policeman jerks his thumb forward, and the horses start again. A heavy dray is in front. Without sign from Jehu, the horses swerve to the right and circumvent it. I sometimes think the conductor might drive by merely pulling his bell-cord, and so save the driver's wages. Further, these sagacious beasts know all their stopping corners; they know the import of the cue "higher up," and they know the clatter of the released brake. Observe, too, how skilfully the 'bus-horse picks out the dryer portions of the wet and slippery wood pavings. And see him cleverly skate down Waterloo Place, after a shower of rain or of water-cart, with the heavy 'bus behind him. What other animal could do the like? To me there is character in the jerk of a 'bus-horse's ears, or the flourish of his tail, and I believe that a horse is capable of higher training than any dog or rat that has ever learned a trick.

—Fireside News, London Paper.



## A Woman's Letter.

## THE BOSTON HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

I have a little friend named Max. One of the brightest, merriest sprites you ever saw. A beauty too; his brown hair parts in curls over his bonny forehead, and his dark eyes look out from under his curly bangs with all sorts of merry, loving, mischievous expressions. When Max comes to visit me I delight in hearing his voice in the hall, and his footsteps on the stairway, and when I go to Max's home, his welcome is one of the heartiest. Max was crossing the avenue one afternoon some six or seven weeks ago—he has not told us whether to call upon me, or to visit some little playmate—when a heavy beer wagon came crashing along, and knocked him down and ran over him. Sad indeed, for Max, and all who know him, and he has many friends. His leg was broken and his hip was shattered; the doctors called in declared he could not survive the shock, and would certainly die; nevertheless, every effort should be made to save him. Accordingly, he was taken to the hospital, where skilful surgery and careful nursing saved his life and saved his limb, and whence, last week, Max, a little soberer, a little thinner, but as dear and cunning as ever, returned to us, and glad we to hear his bark about the house once more. His "bark" do you say? I forgot to say that Max is a little silverheaded Scotch terrier, and that it was to the dog hospital he was sent.

Down on Village street, you know, in the city proper. It is really one of the departments, the veterinary, of Harvard University, and the hospital for horses and dogs was established about three years ago in order that the students might have every facility for becoming practically acquainted with the diseases which equine and canine flesh are heir to. The hospital building affords every advantage for the observation and treatment of sick animals. It is a substantial building of brick, three stories high, and was designed and built especially for its present uses, and its attractive external appearance is an index of what one will find within. Upon the first floor are the pleasant offices, a large operating room lighted from above so that no shadow falls upon the patient; five commodious box stalls and six ordinary stalls. On the second floor are twelve boxes and stalls, and a room for dogs, containing about twenty kennels; a pharmacy and a groom's room. The third story contains, besides the lofts and work rooms, apartments for the assistant surgeon and house surgeons. In the basement there is a shoeing forge which is used for the shoeing of both sound and lame horses. Hot and cold water, steam heat and gas are supplied throughout the building, and all pains have been taken to make the drainage and ventilation as nearly perfect as possible. Adjoining the hospital, and immediately connected with it, is another brick building, just completed, for the use of the School of Veterinary Medicine. The lower floor is devoted to hospital uses, and contains boxes and stalls for ten horses. In the second story is the lecture room, a long room in which the seats rise like those of an amphitheatre, and from which a door opens into the hospital, through which horses and other animals may be introduced upon the platform for the purpose of illustration. Upon the third floor is the dissecting room, light, dry, and well ventilated; and in the rear is the student's reading room, comfortably furnished, the walls lined with bookcases in which the library will be placed. Above, on the fourth floor, is the Museum and another room for the house surgeons. By the lover of the horse and dog, a deep interest must be felt in this school and hospital. One goes over the hospital with a feeling of thankfulness, and warm admiration for the scientific knowledge and human skill which govern it. Going over it the other day, it gave me joy to see how the sick and sore among our dumb animals can be treated. One poor fellow, named Roy, had broken his shoulder and lay with his leg in a plaster case,

which also went around his body; a dear little dog who had had a bad fall, came towards me dragging her hind limbs, which were paralyzed, but the doctor said she did not suffer; a tiny pug was sick with bronchitis, and a beautiful setter lay ill with lung fever. In the dog room were many dogs of many kinds, each with his own especial ailment and each probably thinking his own thoughts about it, but all equally delighted to see the doctor. One of the handsomest dogs I saw was Nelly Bly, who shut one eye and laid her head against the side of her kennel, while she waved the tip of her plume-like tail and extended a paw to be shaken. Nelly is the watch dog of the establishment, and if anything happens in the night, if even a horse gets loose in his stall, she goes at once and tells the groom of it. Ah, that ever a horse should be struck, or a dog kicked again!

—Kent Ashley, in Salem Gazette.

## Twelfth Lesson on Kindness to Animals.

BY GEO. T. ANGELL.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence?"

—Longfellow.

## Other things to be remembered.

In addition to the information given in the eleven preceding lessons, there are certain other things which all boys and girls should remember.

- (1.) Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
- (2.) Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.
- (3.) Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
- (4.) That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.
- (5.) That earth worms are harmless and very useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.
- (6.) That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.
- (7.) That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.

## Also about horses.

- (8.) That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.
- (9.) That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.
- (10.) That when your horse is put in a strange stable, you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.
- (11.) That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse, and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.
- (12.) That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.
- (13.) That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.

## SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

- (1.) What is said about sticking pins into butterflies and other insects?

(2.) What is said about carrying poultry with their heads hanging down?

(3.) What is said about throwing stones at frogs?

(4.) What is said about snakes?

(5.) What is said about earth worms?

(6.) What is said about keeping fish in glass globes?

(7.) What is said about feeding birds in winter?

(8.) What is said about horses' bits in cold weather?

(9.) What is said about twitching the reins in driving?

(10.) When your horse is put in a strange stable what should you be sure of?

(11.) What is said about riding after a poor-looking horse?

(12.) What is said about talking to dumb creatures?

(13.) How should you treat every dumb creature?

## A Beautiful Poem.

The following beautiful poem was written by N. P. Willis, about fifty years ago. The writer has long since gone, but daily we see the pigeons on the tower of the Old South Church in front of our offices, and daily they come to our windows for the grain we are glad to give them.

## The Belfry Pigeon.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell  
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.  
In summer and winter that bird is there,  
Out and in with the morning air:  
I love to see him track the street,  
With his wary eye and active feet;  
And I often watch him as he springs,  
Circling the steeple with easy wings:  
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,  
And the belfry edge is gained at last.  
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note  
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;  
There's a human look in its swelling breast  
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;  
And I often stop with the fear I feel—  
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—  
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—  
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.  
When the tongue swines out to the midnight moon—  
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon—  
When the clock strikes clear at morning light—  
When the child is waked with "nine at night"—  
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,  
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,  
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
He broods on his folded feet unstir'd,  
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
He takes the time to smooth his breast,  
Then drops again with filmed eyes,  
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be  
A hermit in the crowd like thee!  
With wings to fly to wood and glen.  
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;  
And daily with unwilling feet,  
I tread, like thee, the crowded street,  
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,  
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,  
Or at a half-felt wish for rest,  
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,  
And drop, forgetful, to thy rest.

—N. P. Willis.

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From Justices' Court.—Amesbury, [2 cases], \$1.  
Municipal Court.—Boston [4 cases], \$10; Brighton District, \$3.  
Superior Court.—Suffolk County, [2 cases], \$25.  
Witness fees, \$3.60.

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Keene Humane Society, \$15; Josephine May, \$3.60; F. B. Redfield, \$1.50; Trustees Public Library, Tewksbury, \$1; Mrs. Edw. Bringhurst, \$2.70; A. H. Chapin, \$2; Bennett, .40; Lizzie Ford, .30; Mrs. C. H. Dana, .20; Robbie Burnett, .25; J. T. McFarland, .25.

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Total, \$74.20.

**OTHER SUMS.**

Publications sold, \$22.63.

Total receipts by Secretary, \$1,357.43.

**RECEIVED BY TREASURER.**

From Richard C. Humphreys, Executor of the will of Mrs. Catharine C. Humphreys, \$1000; Francis L. Higginson, \$100; Laban Pratt, \$100; Henry L. Pierce, \$100.

**Cases Reported at Office in April.**

For beating, 20; overworking and overloading, 10; overdriving, 5; driving when lame or galled, 30; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 8; torturing, 14; driving when diseased, 7; general cruelty, 66.

Total, 169.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 57; warnings issued, 56; not found, 14; not substantiated, 33; anonymous, 2; prosecuted, 7; convicted, 6, one of whom was a party prosecuted under the Public Statute, for cock-fighting. Another prosecution in which the Society aided, was that of a jockey, who sold to a farmer a glandered horse our Agents prevented him from selling at Brighton. Information of glandered horses in use on the Cambridge R. R. was also given the Health authorities, which led to the immediate killing of eight animals. Animals taken from work, 28; horses and other animals killed, 81.

**Publications Received From Kindred Societies.**

Animal World. London, England.  
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.  
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Humane Journal, Chicago, Ill.  
Humane Record. St. Louis, Mo.  
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.  
Zoophilist. London, England.  
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.  
Bulletin of Royal Soc. P. A., Brussels.  
German P. A. Journal "Ihia." Berlin, Prussia.  
Swiss P. A. Journal. Zurich, Switzerland.  
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.  
Augusta, Me. Annual Report of Augusta Soc. P. C. A., for 1885-6.  
Hartford, Conn. Fifth Annual Report Connecticut Humane Society, for 1885.  
Breslau, Germany. Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Yearly Reports of Silesian Central S. P. A., for 1884 and 1885.  
Brunswick, Germany. Fourth Yearly Report of Brunswick S. P. A., for 1885.  
Elderfield and Barman, Germany. Twenty-third Yearly Report of Wupperthal S. P. A., for 1885.  
Schwerin, Germany. Yearly Report of Schwerin S. P. A., for 1885.

An old lady who died recently in London bequeathed to the doctor, who attended her for the last thirty-five years, a huge box containing all the bottles of medicine he had ever sent her, unopened. The doctor cannot understand what caused her death.

— Boston Transcript.

**HUMANE RAT AND MOUSE TRAP.**

We have on our table in our principal office for inspection, what we think the most humane trap for rats and mice ever invented. It was invented and patented by a Frenchman, [Marty], has been introduced into various European countries, and is now being introduced here. It is made of wire prepared not to rust—the rats or mice pass through a trap door, which closes behind them. They remain in the trap without injury until morning, when the trap is dropped in a tub of water, and they have what is said to be an almost painless death.

The Christian Union tells of a young man who in three months gave his seat in a car to fifty-nine women and girls, and every one thanked him. We are sorry to see religious journals beginning to publish fiction.

—New Haven News.

A modern wit defines the difference between men and women: "A man gives forty cents for a twenty-five-cent thing he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a forty-cent thing she does not want."

"Some fool has put my pen where I can't find it." Then he pulled it down from behind his ear.

**Prices of Humane Publications.**

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or \$2.00 per 100  
"Care of Horses," .45 "  
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "  
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "  
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "  
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "  
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "  
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, 1.00 "  
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "  
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "  
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc., .65 "  
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "  
Fifty-two "Band of Mercy" Songs and Hymns, book form, 2c. each.  
"Band of Mercy Register," 6 cents.  
"Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.  
The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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